

WE both dreaded having Phœbe come to stay with us. Of course we knew that she would be dreadfully lonesome while her father and mother were away on a long and necessary business voyage—that is, unless she found home folks somewhere. But Susie and I had been always such good chums. Some people seem surprised at this, because, you know, we are sisters. But I think a sister is just the nicest companion—that is, when she is like my sister.

And then Phœbe came from a small country town. We made up our minds to try to be patient and not mind her "ignorance" and her countrified ways (we had never seen Phœbe, to be sure); but to go everywhere with us and to be admitted to our set, we couldn't see that we were required to encourage that.

It was different, a little, after Phœbe came. We had to acknowledge that her gowns were pretty and tasteful and quite up-to-date, even if they were rather plain and not in the least extreme. Mother said she was glad to find a sensible girl again, which perhaps didn't help much in dispelling our prejudices. But Phœbe was quiet and didn't seem to notice if we slipped out without asking her to go with us. We were glad of that. It would have been so awkward, we thought, if she had expected to be one of us and had insisted on being included in everything.

There were times when I almost suspected—at least, the idea just skimmed through my mind—but it wasn't until the

Discovering Phoebe

By M. WILMA STUBBS

afternoon of the party that we really found out.

Isabel Seeley always has such interesting parties. Isabel is—well, she's just herself. The Seeleys have a lot of money, but they never make a display of it and they never seem to think it makes a bit of difference—their having more than some of the rest of us, I mean. Of course, they are not really wealthy and Daddy says Mr. Seeley's a straight man if there ever was one.

Well, to make a long story short, we got notes from Isabel one morning inviting us to a party to be given in honor of a girl friend who was visiting her. By "we" I mean all of us. We thought it just like Isabel to include Phœbe.

"I've made a discovery," remarked Susie, when we were studying our geography lesson that afternoon. I always did hate geography and was ready for discoveries or anything interesting.

"What is it?" I asked promptly.

"Isabel's friend is the daughter of a traveler and writer. She has been with her parents—oh, 'most everywhere."

"I almost think I'd like geography studied that way," I sighed. "I wonder if she'll find out what an ignoramus I am."

When Phœbe came into our room all ready for the party, she did look pretty. It was a warm September day and she

wore a frock of white voile. It was trimmed with handmade lace, not much of it, but lovely. Her hair is a dark chestnut and some way you didn't miss the bobs and curls; they wouldn't have been half so becoming to Phœbe as were those lovely wavy locks about her face and the heavy glossy braids.

And what do you think? When Isabel came to welcome us, she just took possession of Phœbe and led her off in triumph, while we followed behind quite meekly.

But that was only the beginning of our discoveries. Isabel's friend hurried eagerly across the room, not waiting for an introduction, and exclaimed, "You dear girl, but I'm delighted to see you *again*. Didn't we have just the best times that summer?"

What could it mean? They were perfectly oblivious of the rest of us until Isabel managed to get the floor long enough to repeat our names.

"You must excuse me, girls," the guest-of-honor said in apology then. "I haven't seen your chum since we camped together in the Farview Mountains. Isabel said she had a surprise for me, but didn't hint that Phœbe was here."

We began to feel hot and uncomfortable. What had Phœbe thought of us all this time, we wondered. And how did it happen that these girls had become such good friends? Phœbe was so quiet, not a bit brilliant or striking.

But that wasn't all. By and by Isabel announced a short musical program, after which we would play some new games.

She had planned the first part of the program herself, she said, but the games were the suggestion of one of her guests. She knew we should enjoy them.

We knew the girls in our set who could play and sing and were prepared for the first of the musical numbers, but we almost fainted when Elsa Falconer—that's Isabel's guest, you know—and our Phoebe played a piano duet "just beautifully," so all the girls declared. After that Elsa gave us a guitar solo with Phoebe playing the softest, nicest accompaniment, not drowning out the stringed instrument, you know, but blending with it perfectly. How they must have practised together that summer to be able to play so well, when they didn't know that they were to be called upon!

If one of the girls we go with had planned the games that afternoon, I should have thought she had in mind all our particular pet failings. As it was—but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

We were all given slips of paper—a question and a hint for finding the answer. The Seeleys have a wonderful big library, and a good many of us went a-seeking information there. The volumes we needed and even the pages were on the slip of paper, for of course in the time we had we couldn't bother to hunt out the answers ourselves, though some of us made up our minds to read a lot more on our subjects later.

When we had all found our references, Isabel read the questions in the order of the numbers given upon the slips of paper. The questions were all about things I am afraid a good many of us have hated because we didn't know enough about them to realize how interesting they could be. Such funny things for a party, too—that is, I should have said they were, if any one had told me about it beforehand. But the game wasn't a bit dull, the way we played it.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention one of the important parts—the costumes. We each went into a little curtained alcove before our turn came and donned the togs our part called for.

I suppose by this time you want to know what we talked about. Well, you might have thought we were a Woman's Club, if you had been there. We discussed dusting, dishwashing, baking, mending, gardening, food values, and I don't know how many other things. Annie Ellison, for instance, came in to answer her question, with the dearest gingham gown over her party things. After telling us about hot water and plenty of soap, and well rinsed, sparkingly bright china and glass, she flourished a dishcloth and wipers and repeated a bright little ditty about washing them and hanging them on the line in the open air to dry.

Even the refreshments were a part of the game. They were original, too—that

(Continued on page 157)



Some new things to try—

Oysters, scones, and pie,

But of all none can vie

With Mother B's Apple Pie!

Smothered Oysters (Maryland fashion)

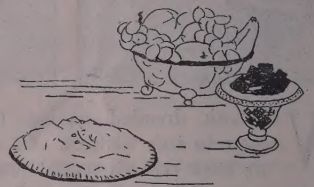
Drain all the juice from a quart of oysters. Melt in a frying pan a piece of butter the size of an egg, with as much cayenne pepper as can be taken up on the point of a penknife, and a spoonful of salt. Put in the oysters and cover closely. As soon as the edges ruffle they are done. Serve on thin slices of buttered toast.

Scotch Scones

Two cups of flour, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, salt, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 eggs, 1-3 cup of cream. Combine flour, baking powder and sugar; rub in butter, beat eggs well and add. Toss on a floured board, pat and roll $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, cut in squares, brush with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Mother B's Apple Pie

Line a deep pie plate with plain paste. Pare sour apples, greenings are best. Quarter and cut in thin slices. Allow a cup of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a grated nutmeg mixed with it. Fill the pie plate heaping full of the sliced apple, sprinkling the sugar between the layers. Wet the edges of the pie with cold water; lay on the cover and press down, so that no juice may escape. Bake three quarters of an hour.



Finding Phrona's Folks

By Edna S. Knapp

PART II

"REILLY" of *The Farmer's Friend* answered promptly, but could only advise looking for local clues. "Somebody who knew about Miss Serene Bruce's bag and her canvassing and her kindly nature left the baby in her buggy. That person may not have lived in that vicinity, however, but must have learned those facts from somebody who lived there or *had* lived there."

Miss Serene, Phrona, and Paul considered this suggestion. "I'd never thought of that," the old lady said, "that anybody living here could tell folks living somewhere else. But it's so."

"But who told, and what person was it told to?" demanded Paul. "Well, anyway, the clue is right 'round here then, and it's up to us to find it, Phrona."

"Dr. Babcock's bill came in the same mail," said Miss Serene soberly. "He'll wait for his money but—I don't like to ask him to. Yet I can't stand it to go out on the road."

"I'll go Saturdays," promised Phrona.

"We'll manage the housework somehow other days."

"I'll go, too, tomorrow if you like," promised Paul readily.

They wanted an early start because the roads were none too good and old Cæsar was slow. "Say, your horse and cat are almost like folks," remarked Paul, Saturday morning. "Who taught 'em all their tricks?"

"Aunt Serene taught 'em some and some they just thought up for themselves," replied Phrona, unhooking the barn door.

Promptly the latch was lifted from inside and out stepped the old horse and then lifted his right forefoot and waved it up and down.

"He always does that in the morning. What does he want?" asked Paul.

"To shake hands of course. Haven't you ever seen him do it?" laughed Phrona.

"I'll feed him and then harness while you get your orders," said the boy.

The buggy was ready when Phrona came out followed by Selah, his plummy tail waving.

"Coming, old fellow?" asked Phrona. "He always has gone along, you know."

The cat looked at the buggy, then back to Miss Serene by the sunny window, then slowly, with many backward glances, returned to his mistress.

"Better go to the Thad Peters place while Paul's with you," called Miss Serene through the window. "They've got a cross dog and I hate to have you go there alone."

"All right, if we get as far as that," returned Phrona. "Cæsar is getting slower every day and Aunt Serene won't let me use the whip. He's a knowing old tyrant and he needs it sometimes," she added to Paul.

The Barbers, Menars, and Friedels had their renewals all ready for the papers they took, but Mrs. Friedel wanted to see samples of several women's papers and old Mr. Menar wanted some sort of a monthly magazine in good print. Phrona had gone without the big supply of sample copies Miss Serene always carried along.

"We've been looking for you for some time," the kindly farm folk said. "How's your aunt? You're rather young for an agent, aren't you, now?"

"I'll come again and bring more samples," Phrona promised as Cæsar started reluctantly for the next stop. There Mrs. Baynes refused to hand over her good money unless she had at once a receipt signed by Miss Serene. Mrs. Baynes was a careful soul and very set in her ways.

"We forgot the receipts," admitted Phrona. "I'll come again this afternoon and bring them."

"Let's go past the Bobby Bent house, the one that burned down so long ago. It looks as it might have had a story. Suppose your folks lived there once?" suggested Paul who had a good imagination.

"They couldn't live there now," laughed practical Phrona as Cæsar jogged down the sandy back road and stopped so willingly by the pile of ruins half hidden by the lilac hedge. The old chimney still stood erect and a tumble-down section of the barn remained. A few shrubs and plants showed what had once been a garden.

"Let's get out and prowling around," suggested Paul. "We've got time enough."

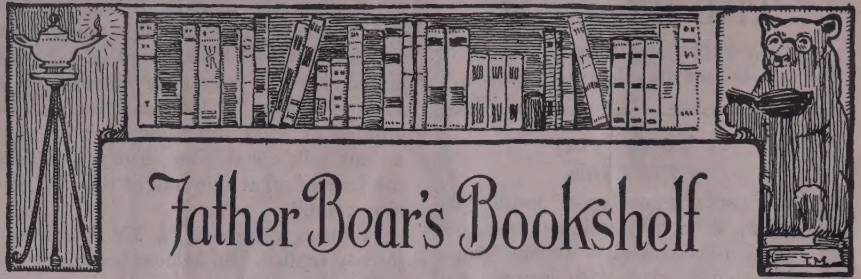
Out they jumped and hunted the place over. There was nothing to see that had not always been there, Phrona thought, as they walked the edge of the cellar wall, peering into the depression now grown up more or less to bushes.

"You can't find anything," she said decidedly.

"Yes—no—that is, yes," said Paul as he made a flying leap that carried him to the lower level. Peeping under the edge of a bush he dragged out a broken shovel and demanded, "What is this thing doing here?"

"The handle isn't burned or anything," said Phrona, joining him. "Has anybody been digging for treasure?"

"Kids playing here, I guess," laughed Paul. Yet he knew there was earth on the



"If you have been unhappy all the day,
Wait patiently until the night:
When in the sky the gentle stars are
bright
The Dream Coach comes to carry you
away."

A cover of deep blue sprinkled over with glittering stars acts as a pretty cloak to one of the best children's books of the season, "The Dream Coach." And the pretty cloak is lined in gorgeous brightly flowered end papers, so you see as soon as you flick over to the next page exactly what you had expected! The Driver of the Dream Coach never rests. As soon as he has reached the end of his journey for the night, and unharnessed his hundred misty horses and put them out to pasture in the big blue meadow of Heaven, there are new dreams to invent—queer dreams, fairy dreams, exciting dreams, brightly colored dreams and brief shadowy dreams that vanish like mist as soon as one opens one's eyes. Records must be kept straight as to whom the various dreams rightly belong. The Dream Coach delivers the dreams to your very bed each night, you see, and in the center of the book is a map marking the places the Coach stopped in this very book—at the Princess's castle in "The Seven White Dreams," at Goran's cottage in Norway in "Goran's Dream," at the palace of the little Emperor in "A Bird Cage with Tassels," and at the house in France where Philippe visited his Grandparents in

"King Philippe's Dream." The book is so beautifully, delicately written that a sweet dash of star-dust lingers in one's mouth long after reading. *THE DREAM COACH*. Anne and Dillwyn Parrish. Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.25 net.

Tiptoeing in a long line across the orange end papers, as if to say, "Come, step softly and swiftly—Granny's Wonderful Chair is telling its stories," go a row of little folks walking right into the pages of this wondrously told volume of fairy tales. Snowflower's granny is in possession of a miraculous story-telling tale, and when she is left alone the chair takes her to the King's court, and there, night after night, entertains all with stories the like of which had never been told before. The Christmas Cuckoo who gladdened two brothers with the Merry Leaf and saddened them with the Golden Leaf, The Lords of the White and Grey Castles, The Greedy Shepherd, The Story of Fairy-foot, The Story of Childe Charity, Sour and Civil, The Story of Merry-mind, are each "stories by themselves" in this treasure house of tales. And do you know who it was who was telling the tales in the chair all the time? A snow-white bird with purple-tipped feathers who turned into Prince Wisewit, the long-lost Happy Prince of the kingdom! Isn't that a nice ending to a more than nice book? *GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR*. *THE CHILDREN'S CLASSICS*. Frances Browne. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.75 net.

edge of the spade and he thought the ground under the bush had been disturbed and then trampled down.

A shrill whistle sounded, coming nearer, and boy and girl climbed out where the wall was the lowest, dusted themselves, and drove on as Mr. Weston's meat-cart passed.

"I wouldn't want him to see us in there. He'd ask no end of questions and tease me for ages about it," said Phrona frankly.

"I've heard about him," admitted Paul.

Several stops were made at farms along the way when they came out on the main road, and a creditable number of renewals and subscriptions gathered. Miss Serene was pleased with the morning's work.

That afternoon Paul played ball, but Phrona, Cæsar, and Selah went canvassing.

She saw Mrs. Baynes first and exchanged a signed receipt for cash, then

began on the western outskirts of Northam village. Suddenly a disturbing thought came to her. She had not been to Thad Peters'. She ought to have gone that morning when Paul was with her, but they were chatting so busily that she had forgotten all about it. Mrs. Peters was one of their best patrons; she had plenty of money but they usually had to go several times before she made up her mind. Aunt Serene needed that order, but there was that hateful, cross bulldog of Peters.

"I guess we'd better try it," Selah," sighed Phrona, turning Cæsar's head into the lane that led to the big white house. "Mrs. Peters is at home. I can see her at the front window. 'Bijah's at home, too," she added as she opened the gate.

Just inside was the dog, growling and blocking the passage. "'Bijah," called Mrs. Peters sternly, and the dog drew un-

(Continued on page 156)

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

A Good Sport

BY THE EDITOR

THE words "a good sport" mean something to us all. It is our way, just now, of saying that we like people who are able to meet with courage and good cheer the unpleasant things in life. It describes what we are when we bear the hard knocks that often we think we have not deserved. "He did me a dirty trick," one sometimes hears a boy say: "He'll find out what I think of him the next time I see him." Or perhaps it is the girl: "She was just *too mean*; I'll tell her so to her face."

It may be that the speaker is right in each case about the conduct of the offender; but the way of bearing what came, and thinking out what one ought to do about it will help one to know whether he is really a "good sport."

A little item in that friendly paper, *The Youth's Companion*, tells of the counsel a fine business man gave a boy who felt that he had been injured by another and wanted to tell the whole world about it and let the other boy know just what he thought of his action. "No doubt you would have the sympathy of any right-thinking person," said the man; "but one may turn the scale against himself by pitying himself out loud, as a shrewd friend of mine used to put it. Talking too much about how badly we've been treated

often gives the impression that we lack the manhood to stand up under hard knocks. Herbert knows what he has done, and in his own way feels ashamed of it. If I were you, I'd let him form his own opinion of what you think of him. And do not talk about your injury to others, for fear of what they might think of you if you did."

"I guess you're right, Mr. Conkling," the boy replied. So he bore his injury like the good sport he was learning to be.

Learning to bear bravely and cheerily what comes to us is part of that self-discipline for which Lent stands. Learning to hold one's tongue when tempted to say sharp things to another, even when wronged, is part of it. Learning not to tell of our injuries, real or imagined, even to close friends, is part of it. These weeks of Lent are a good time to practice these things, so that we may do them more easily afterward.

"Be a good sport," was what a fine girl wrote as one point in a code she made to live by. I call it also being a good Christian. Do you?

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Finding Phrona's Folks

(Continued from page 155)

willingly back. Phrona went into the house as quickly as she could, her arms full of sample copies. Mrs. Peters looked them over and asked to have certain numbers left for her to examine at her leisure.

Then Phrona prepared to leave, hoping she did not act as scared as she felt. The telephone rang just then, so Mrs. Peters did not see her out. She had nearly reached the gate when the dog, who was following her, growled and came closer than she liked. The girl glanced about for some weapon and had reached and opened the gate when 'Bijah's teeth gripped her skirt.

From the buggy flashed a grey form that hit the ground, leaped, half-turned in air and came down on the dog's back with hind claws raking both sides of his neck, front claws aimed at his eyes and teeth biting his nose. The struggle did not last long. Cowed, the dog retreated, howling. The cat, a good deal mused, jumped back into the buggy and licked his fur smooth once more. Trembling, Phrona latched the gate, climbed into the buggy and drove on.

The girl had had adventures enough for one day, so she turned back toward the village and began calling at the houses on Maple Street. At Mrs. Agnew's she found Aunt Mandy was having one of her "good" days. The old lady was ninety-seven and was telling stories about the time when her mother shopped in Boston, as did all Northam people.

When she finished Phrona asked, "Aunt Mandy, do you know anything about the people who used to live in the Bobby Bent place before it burned? Who lived there last?"

"Let's see. It burned twelve, no, thirteen years ago," replied the old lady, proud of her memory of past events. "Bobby Bent's parents died and he moved to Machias and then there were some young folks in it for a while before it burned. They moved away, too."

"Who were they? What were they like?" urged Phrona. "Would they be likely to bury anything, treasure maybe, in the cellar of that house?"

"Treasure!" snorted the old lady scornfully, "they didn't have scarcely enough to eat, judgin' by the way they looked. Dretful thin and pindlin' they was, though they did get sort of fed up before they left. They were 'ristocrats, too; didn't mix much with folks here, either."

"Did they work in the mill? What made them leave? What was their name?" Phrona was as full of questions as Paul had ever been.

"Name o' Renfrew, or somethin' like that. The young man and his sister worked in the mill. Mighty awkward they was at it. The young man's wife died off somewhere, I recollect, and they went right away after that. Maybe they'd got a little

Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner



Summer Rain

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES

As I wander down the lane,
Softly falls the summer rain,
Freshening all the flowers again,
Gently, gently falling.

Yesterday the brook was dry,
Now its waters bubbling by,
Sing a soothing lullaby,
Musically calling.

In the needles of the pine,
Sparkling diamonds brightly shine,
Formed of raindrops big and fine,
A prismatic bower.

And each flower lifts its head,
From its soft and grassy bed,
Just as if it plainly said:
"Blessèd, blessèd shower."

Good Friends

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

O great, gold, buzzing Bumble-bee!
I'm not the least afraid of thee,
Because if thee I let alone,
Thou'lt just buzz on, or drone and drone
From honey-cup to honey-cup—
No thought to sting, but just to sup.

O great, gold, buzzing Bumble-bee!
Thou'rt not the least afraid of me,
Because if me thou dost not scare,
I'll just stay here, or follow where
I best can see thee on the wing—
No thought to harm thee, joyous thing!

A Prayer

If I must wait, O Father, ere it be
Right that the boon I ask be granted me—
Praising Thy choice for me as wiser still,
Yet with the songs of birds my thanks
shall thrill.

money ahead. I s'pose they were the kind that don't stay long anywheres," declared Aunt Mandy who believed Northam was good enough for anybody.

"People don't change much in the mill here," acknowledged Phrona. "That's interesting about those Renfrews, Aunt Mandy. Do you know where they went or anything? Has anybody ever heard from them?"

"Not a thing nor a word," said Aunt Mandy. She was getting tired, and the light had died out of her face. Her eyes were closing.

"Aunt Mandy," pleaded Phrona, "wake up for just one minute more. Please do. Paul and I are trying to find out about my folks if we possibly can. Nobody has ever told me about those Renfrews. Do you suppose they could have belonged to me? Was there a baby? Tell me that; do. Please do."

The old lady's eyes remained closed and her face was expressionless. Phrona repeated her question and feared she would get no answer.

Suddenly the faded eyes opened. "I never saw nor heard of any baby," was the reply.

(To be continued)

Goldilocks' Diary

MARCH 29, 1925,
THE BEARS' DEN.

Dear Diary:

At last the great question has been answered—and a Twentieth Century Goldilocks loses in favor of a Goldilocks with long golden curls—familiar from prehistoric nursery-tale times!

The judges were Beacon Club readers (though maybe you didn't know it) and the voting population of Story-Book Town. Father Bear says the Conservative ticket will always hold the political power in Story-Book Town over the radical element, and that a "Goldilocks that was good enough for their grandparents is good enough for them!"

However, it is a great relief to have the question decided for me, and I shall remain the same Goldilocks of the cartoons and Beacon stories, and most of all,

The friend to all Beacon children,

Your

GOLDI!



Discovering Phoebe

(Continued from page 154)

is, they weren't just what we've always had at our parties. We adjourned to the big dining-room, where we were seated at little tables, just three or four of us together, and were served by those of the girls who had been given questions about the articles of food selected for the refreshments.

Dressed in milkmaid costume, some of the girls brought us glasses of milk and plates of buttered crackers, while they told us lots of interesting facts about milk and butter and cream and the dairies of many peoples all over the world.

After that we each had a serving of various kinds of fruit, the girls appearing in the costumes of the peoples who cultivate them. How Elsa shone here, for, you know, she had actually visited the lands where these fruits grew, not only the Sunny South and California, but countries far more distant, where people live so differently from the way we do! And last of all we learned that our government has a department which studies the food products of other lands and is constantly testing out new fruits and vege-

tables and introducing into different parts of our great land, with its variety of soil and climate, such kinds as may be grown here to advantage.

As the boys say, "we sure did" make discoveries that afternoon. Perhaps the best of them was that just plain homemaking is a fine art and that with marketing are mixed a geography, physiology, big problems of agriculture and commerce, and international good feeling—questions we shall have to know a lot about when we grow up, if we are to be intelligent women, taking our rightful part in the world's life and work.

We made another discovery, too. Of course we knew it before, but not "vividly" as we were made to that day—that no one liveth unto himself or herself alone, that we are all bound up together and that we are all very, very necessary to one another. It isn't enough just to serve ourselves, we have to think of other folks, too, whatever our individual task or power may be.

And who do you suppose arranged that game? Who indeed but our Phoebe. When we made that discovery, well, perhaps I'd better not say how we felt.



Dear Letter-box Friends:—Another fine column for you below! At the top of the list you will see a letter from James Edward Tyson, of Ansonville, N. C. I know you will be interested and will do whatever you can to help this loyal Club member. All good wishes!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

Box 221,
ANSONVILLE, N. C.

Dear Miss Buck:—I received your letter and was so glad to get my pin. My sister and I are both writing you tonight. I hope you will print my letter soon as I would love to hear from boys and girls of The Beacon Club. I am a crippled boy and I would like to have some one correspond with me. I like any kind of reading, but mostly letters. I hope you will like my letter. I will write more the next time.

Your friend,
JAMES EDWARD TYSON.

198 RIVER ST.,
BRAINTREE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like the stories very much. I go to the All Souls Church. My teacher's name is Miss Gage. Please send the button soon. I am 9 years old.

Yours truly,
FRANKLIN MERRILL.

393 WEST PARK,
PORTLAND, ORE.

Dear Miss Buck:—I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much, as my aunt, Mrs. Grace Downey Tinkham, writes stories in it. They are all Pepperpod stories. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. I would like very much to have someone of my age correspond with me.

Yours truly,
BETTY COWPER.

4 MAPLE AVE.,
ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE,
QUEBEC, CANADA.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to join The Beacon Club and be able to wear the button. I read *The Beacon* and like it very much. I have been reading the stories put in by the boys and girls and I think they are very good. I would like to write one but I don't think I could make up a very good one. I go to the Union Church and belong to the Sunday school. I am 11 years old and I have three sisters and two brothers. We live in St. Anne de Bellevue. It is on the Ottawa river at the western end of the island of Montreal. It is called "de Bellevue" because there is such a beautiful view.

Yours sincerely,
GRACE RITCHIE.

SOUTH DUXBURY, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of The Beacon Club. I go to the First Unitarian Church of Duxbury. I am 13 years old. My teacher's name is Mrs. Peterson. We are studying The Bible and the Bible Country. The minister's name is Rev. Henry J. Wilson. Please send my button as soon as possible.

Sincerely yours,
HANNA HAGMAN.

835 YORK ST.,
DENVER, COLO.

Dear Miss Buck:—I have had *The Beacon* ever since I was about 8 years old. I certainly do like reading it. I want to ask you about something. About three years ago I got a pin but I lost it, and would it be all right to send for another? I certainly hope so because I want one very much. I think the paper is very nice now that it is so big.

Will you see if someone can write to me? I can tell them a lot about the West and ranches, because I live on one of them.

Yours truly,
ELIZABETH VAN WAGENER.
[Send stamp for pin when one is lost. Editor.]

Dear Cubs:—The spring weather brings an appropriate little spring poem—and what do you suppose? Why—a story about The Three Bears themselves; so the Award for this week goes to Eleanor Bingham for her poem "Spring" and to Alison Belden for "The Three Little Bears."

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

Spring

BY ELEANOR BINGHAM

The air is getting warmer and the birds are coming back,

'Tis the springtime of the year again.
The snow is quickly melting, making puddles here and there,
And softly it begins to rain.

We see the small, green shoots of the crocus first of all,

Then the tulip and the yellow daffodil.
Next the sweet arbutus and the shy violet
Growing in the woods o'er the hill.

Then our hearts rejoice within us and forevermore we're glad,

And some happy, joyous song we will sing,
For we know the winter's over and the cold days are gone,
Although summer's on the way, this is spring!

The Three Little Bears

BY ALISON BELDEN

Once upon a time there were three little bears. One day their mother said, "I am going to look for some honey." When their mother had gone the little bears got very tired of playing at home so they said, "It won't do any harm to just go a little way from home." So they wandered farther and farther away from home till they were lost. Pretty soon they heard some footsteps in back of them and they were very frightened, but it was just their mother who was looking for honey. When she saw them she said, "What are you so far away from home for?" The little bears replied, "We got lost." So the mother bear took them home and the little bears said, "We will never run away again."

Just For Fun

Pat.—"Why are you wearing so many coats on such a hot day?"

Mike (carrying a paint can).—"I'm going to paint me fence, and it says on this can, 'To obtain best results, put on at least three coats.'"

—The Pepper Pot.

These Beheadings and an Enigma fine
Will make your sharpest wits to shine!

BEHEADINGS

1. Behead a famous English college, get a heavy weight.
2. Behead thin, slim, get to peel.
3. Behead an auxiliary verb, get an entrance room.
4. Behead musty, get a story; behead again, get a drink.
5. Behead a narrow wood-path, get part of a fence.

E. A. CALL.

ENIGMA

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 5, 10, 4, 12 is a ruler.
My 14, 11, 13 is a conjunction.
My 2, 3, 11, 7 is to suspend.
My 6, 14, 1 is to take a seat.
My 9, 3, 11 is a moving wagon.
My 8, 11 is not out.
My whole is a legal holiday.

D. G. WITHERELL.

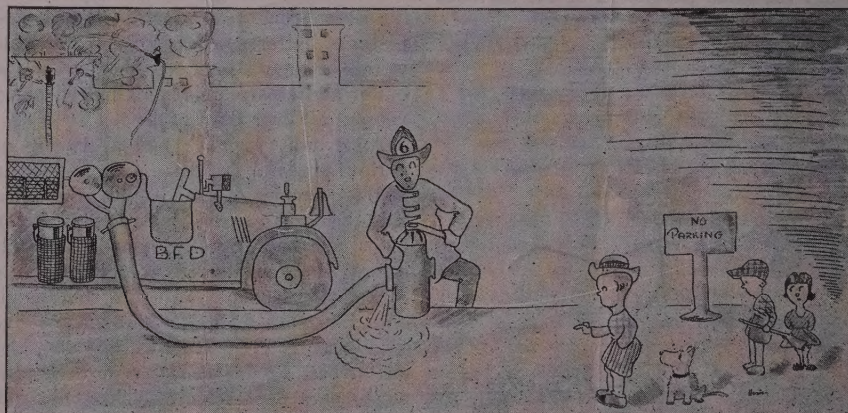
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 25

MISSING WORD STANZAS—1. claws, 2. cattle.
ENIGMA—*The Beacon*.

Answer to Last Week's Bible Cross Word Puzzle

B	E	L	L		U	N	I	T
E	V	E		A	R	I	S	E
D	I	V	E	S		M		N
S	L	I	P	P	E	R	Y	
	S		H		N	O	E	L
A		H	E	R	O	D		O
T	H	O			C		A	S
	E		A	T	H	E	N	S
A	R	K		O		N	T	

WARNING THE FIREMAN



"Hey! Mister! Don't yer know ye'll get pinched fer parkin' near the hydrant?"